THE FOOLISH POET PRESS LTD.

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PART 1

THE DYMPHNA POEMS - SERIES 01

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2025

RECOVERING FROM POETRY

DAVID SCANLON

POETRY

“Be like the bird, posed for a silent moment
Upon branches too frail,
Who feels the branch give way and yet sings
Knowing she has wings!”

Victor Hugo (1834 [1835]) From the Poem XXXIII Dans l'église de *** in Les Chants du Crépuscule. J Hetzel; Paris. (Translation David Scanlon (Nov 2024))

“Everything ephemeral
For you is just allegory:
What feeble inadequacy,
This is the only reality;
The indescribableness,
That is us going on;
The eternal-her-ness
Which draws you on.”

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1832) Faust - Part 2 - Final act. Chorus Mysticus - Final words. Nachgelassene Werke. Eckermann and Friedrich Wilhelm Riemer; Stuttgart. (Translation David Scanlon (2024))

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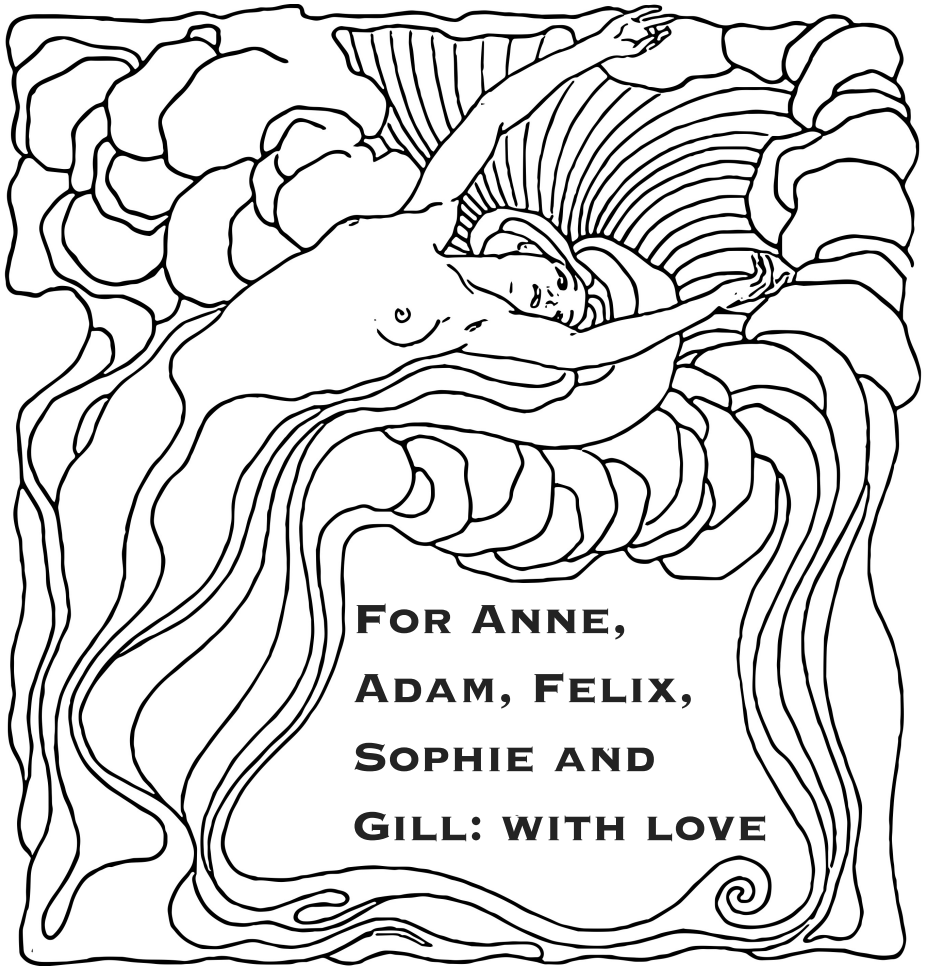

RECOVERING FROM POeTRY

TITLES OF POEMS IN SERIES 01

01 (01) - WE POETS
02 (02) - A SELFISH POET
03 (03) - THERE IS A SOFTNESS IN YOUR BEING
04 (04) - FOR THE FIRST TIME
05 (05) - A REJOICING SOUL
06 (06) - AS ONLY POETS SING
07 (07) - LET GO
08 (08) - MOVING ME BEYOND
09 (09) - IMPERFECTIONS
10 (10) - MY CHOICES
11 (11) - LOVES FREEDOM
12 (12) - NOTHING NEW
13 (13) - TURNED AROUND
15 (14) - OUR BECOMING
16 (15) - TURN AROUND
17 (16) - BY LINE, BY LINE
18 (17) - GRACE AND GRACIOUSNESS
19 (18) - LOVE'S THREE PURE MOMENTS
20 (19) - STRANGE PASSIONS
21 (20) - BOOM, BOOM, BOOM
22 (21) - I WILL NOT WAIT

ALSO KNOWN AS

David Scanlon (2025) The Dymphna Poems. Foolish Poet Press; Wilmslow.

INSPIRING WORDS OF OTHERS

Booklist of Inspiring words that inspired more words (2025-26) - Open Library

Victor Hugo (1834 [1835]) From the Poem XXXIII Dans l'église de *** in Les Chants du Crépuscule. J Hetzel; Paris. Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1832) Faust - Part 2 - Final act. Chorus Mysticus - Final words. Nachgelassene Werke. Eckermann and Friedrich Wilhelm Riemer; Stuttgart. Poem 1 - Virginia Woolf (1926) On Being ill, The New Criterion, January 1926. Poem 2 - Herman Hess (1943 [2000]) The Glass Bead Game (Magister Ludi). Vintage Books London. Bing Xin (1932) From 我的秘密的情歌 (My Secret Love Song) in The Complete Works of Bing Xin Volume Four. Poem 3 - Frank Kafka (1920[1953]) Letters to Milena. Edited by Willi Haas, Translated by Tania and James Stern. Schocken Books; New York. Poem 4 - Hermann Hesse (1922) Siddhartha. Eine indische Dichtung. Fischer, Berlin. Poem 5 - Edmund Blunden (1928) Winter Nights, a reminiscence, drawings by Albert Rutherston. The Ariel Poems - Number 17. Faber & Gwyer; London. Poem 6 - Thomas Ernest Hulme (1913) Mana Aboda in Canzoni & Ripostes of Ezra Pound where to are appended the complete poetical works of T.E. Hulme. Elkin Mathews; London. Poem 7 - William James (1902) Varieties of Religious Experience. Longmans, Green and Co; New York. Poem 8 - David Scanlon (2018) From the poem From Darkness to Light in The Poetry of Life: Seeing Again. The Foolish Poet Press, Wilmslow, England. Poem 9 - David Scanlon (2022) From The Perfection of Freedom in The Ariel Poems: An Echo. The Foolish Poet Press; Wilmslow. Poem 10 - Hart Crane (1932) From The Broken Tower in The Complete Poems of Hart Crane - The Centennial Edition. Liveright Publishing; New York. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1902) From the Poem The Ladder of St. Augustine. The Complete Poems of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Houghton Mifflin Company; Boston. Poem 11 - “More than thirty years ago I embraced the philosophy that human life has meaning only to the degree that, and so long as, it is lived in the service of something infinite. For us, humanity is infinite” Adolf Joffe, Nov 16, 1927. Poem 12 - William Wordsworth (1805[1926]) The Prelude. Oxford University Press; Oxford. Elizabeth Sewell (1952) Paul Valéry; The Mind in the Mirror. Bowes & Bowes Publishers Ltd; Cambridge. Poem 13 - Rainer Maria Rilke (20th June 1914 [1927]) Wendung in Gesammelte Werke, Band III. Insel-Verlag; Leipzig. Poem 14 - Anna de Noailles (1920) Mélodie in Les Forces Eternelles. Librairie Arthème Fayard: Paris. Poem 15 - Stéphane Mallarmé (1897) Divagations: Crise de vers. Bibliothéque-Charpentier; Paris. Poem 17 - Elizabeth Barret-Browning (1850) from XLIII Poems ("New Edition", 2 vols.) Revision of 1844 edition adding Sonnets from the Portuguese and others. London: Chapman & Hall. Poem 18 - Siegfried Sassoon (1928) To My Mother, drawings by Stephen Tennant. The ARIEL Poems - Number 14. Faber & Gwyer; London. Poem 19 - Rainer Maria Rilke (1958) A Fragment in Sämtliche Werke, Zweiter Band, Gedichte. Zweiter Teil, Insel-Verlag; Leipzig. Poem 20 -David Scanlon (2024) From the translation of THE SNOWS HAVE FLED (Horace, Odes IV.vii) Transfixed By Poetry. Issue 5; September. The Foolish Poet Press; Wilmslow. Poem 21 - “Art and morals are ... one. Their essence is the same. The essence of both of them is love. Love is the extremely difficult realisation that something other than oneself is real. Love, and so art and morals, is the discovery of reality.” Iris Murdock (1998) Existentialists and mystics: writings on philosophy and literature. The Penguin Press: London.

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2025

Also By The Same Author

The Poet, The Prisoner & The Fool
Poetry For Business: Fired By Passion
Poetry For Business: Continuing Conversations
Speak Of Love: Continuing Conversations
Love Will Set You Free
The Poetry Of Life: Seeing Again
Staying Connected
Timeless Truths
Locked Down With Loves Freedom
The Ariel Poems - An Echo
35 Poems
Songs Of Life
Eternal Songs From Memory
Homeward-bound: Songs Along The Way
Unbounded Love
Eternal Songs - Quarterly Poetry Collections
Asceticism; Song Making

Translations By the Same Author

Poems Of Alberto Caeiro (Volume 1) - Fernando Pessoa
Poems Of Alberto Caeiro (Volume 2) - Fernando Pessoa
The Keeper of Flocks - Alberto Caeiro
Neehar - Mahadevi Varma (with Parul Singhal)
Collected Poems - New Translations
DUINO ELEGIES - Rainer Marie Rilke
Asceticism - Nikos Kazantzakis
Transfixing Poetry - Quarterly Poetry Collections

I WILL NOT WAIT

For Anne Bennett: Thank you for the Art of Loving.

Thank you for ringing this bell,
Remembering how love fell, and
Arose again within musics spell:
    Words in haunting melodies,
    Remind us of hidden mysteries,
    Anchored within our histories!

We are imperfect one and all,
Remember that we will fall, and
Rise again to the sirens call:
    The cracks let the light in,
    We are not perfect within,
    And yet we can still win!

Win the love of friends with words,
Remember we are absurd, and
Yet In actions sing like the birds:
    We all make melodies in life,
    Though events present strife,
    So I will not await the afterlife!

BOOM. BOOM. BOOM.

For Stuart Hawkwood: A Forwards 10!

The boom, boom, boom,
Of voice and boot and bat,
Belied the gentleness of
    The one that we all knew,
    The one with the smile,
    As high as the sky mile

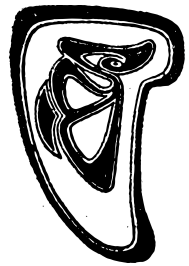
Boom of the ball sailing
Over post and line and sign,
In rescue of space and time:
    The time that we all know,
    The time we all now miss,
    As we just took the piss.

The times now remembered
Echoed with the boom, boom,
Boom, in this my silent prayer,
    Are a quiet forgetfulness,
    Are a quiet melancholy,
    In the now empty room.

Recovering From Poetry

The Dymphna Poems

David Scanlon



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STRANGE PASSIONS

What a strange passion
is this which transforms
so many things that sleep
        into words that break
        the silence of flowers:
        Moving us beyond.

Delve deeper to live
with the baying moon‘s
half-lit distant dream‘s;
        Let the echo of words
        beyond time‘s gate
        Lead us beyond.

Being lead and moved
by the voice of angels
threads life‘s tapestry
        into words that flow
        from our silence:
        Is this so strange?

LOVE'S THREE PURE MOMENTS

Oh to live without desire, only present to,
What is always present, in your presence,
As we wonder towards futures unknown;
For in the first of our moments, suckled,
Suckling, wordless with only wonder,
Was the purest moment for us two.

With eyes fixed, unknowingly, love enchanted,
With what is always present, in her presence -
But we are all tomorrow's prophets of futures;
And in the second of our moments, was fear,
The darkness, wordless - without your eyes,
Was a pure moment, when we became I.

Oh to live with pure love, ever present to,
What is always present, in her presence,
As we accept all that can not be known;
For in the third of our moments, is love,
The lightness, word-filled from your eyes,
Are her purest moments, shared with me.

"The conspicuous honesty of mind
Requires constantly nurturing habits;
Moving beyond the chains.

Truth, consciousness and integrity;
Knowing what can not be known."

Iris Murdoch

Playlist for Poems (2025) Songs selected for the poems. A playlist inspired and for poetry. Art - Hilma Af Klint (1907) The Ten Largest. Adulthood No. 3 Group IV. The Paintings for The Temple.

WE POETS

We poets must be ill, in our make-believe;
In our world, where words carry no harm,
Spoken in a seeking for beauty and charm;
We too have travelled along, alone,
In dark woods, impenetrable stone
Blocking the passage to her zone!

We poets must be fools, seeing with belief;
In this world, where words do carry harm,
We speak in a gentle way, raising the alarm;
We have found a way to live, alone!
In loves light, we become fully grown,
Un-blocked in passage to her zone!

We poets must be mad, hearing is relief;
In our world, where words carry no harm,
We speak, as we seek to travel arm-in-arm;
We too live and travel along, alone,
With our-her love, from eternal zones,
Un-blocked, foolish, yet fully grown!

GRACE AND GRACIOUSNESS

I once walked graciously, but without grace,
without the spirit that ignites a soul to see,
and feel and experience life in all its ways:
I was humane in humanities presence,
Yet hollow within, as voices gnawed
At an unknown existential selfhood.

I was awoken without grace, graciously I
experienced the spirit that ignites the soul
to feel and experience life in all its ways:
I found words in a wordless presence,
Less hollow, the voices within silenced,
An unknown yet eternal non-self spoke.

I am with grace, but without graciousness,
as this spirit experience ignites others fires
and I feel and experience life in other ways:
I have power but have become powerless,
Hallowed voices speak but silence gnaws
In others unknown existential self-hoods.

I wish to walk graciously again, with grace,
with the spirit that ignites my soul to see,
and feel and experience life in other ways:
I have found love in a loveless world,
Where hollow voices gnaw at others
Without ever letting truth be known.

BY LINE, BY LINE

She was always mine, by line by line
By line by line, like a distant valentine
She echoes as we in love entwine:
    Never distant and always clear
    She provides that guiding steer
    Which keeps us forever near.

I thought I was fine, by line by line
By line by line, safe within a rhyme
Without a clear view of the divine:
    Never clear and always near
    She provides that guiding steer
    Which keeps us from our fear.

We live our lives, by line by line
By line by line, seeking for the divine
Which echoes eternally in rhyme:
    Always free and yet never clear
    She provides that guiding steer
    Which keeps her forever near.

A SELFISH POET

Gwen Adshead thank you for your inspiring service and voice

How, with love unabated, could we,
Should we, just for this one moment,
Believe that our world has changed:
    Violence, fear and hatred gone;
    Otherness accepted with respect;
    Selflessness enjoining selfishness?

Now, with love unabashed, can you,
Should you, just for this one moment,
Reach out into the world now changed:
    Tolerance, praise, and love done;
    Selfness accepted with respect;
    Otherlessness enjoining selfishness?

I now, unashamed of love, with you,
Within you, just for this one moment,
Believe that our world has changed:
    Silence, near, which I act upon;
    Joyfulness accepted with respect;
    Beyondlessness enjoining selfishness!

THERE IS A SOFTNESS IN YOUR BEING

Gwen Adshead thank you for sustaining effort to counter the evil within us all

There is a softness in your being
Holding itself out there for others to touch;
The ever present smell of fear haunts
A moment shared with such uniqueness.

In that small passage of time I change
Without always wishing and wanting your touch.
Holding tightly onto what is clear
Comforts the weak, who move slowly.
The fear of being moved by the care of others
Protects from many the full joy of life.

Closing up within the hurly burly place
Is it a statement of weakness or an absence of sight?
Which ever, obliviousness to the shift
leads towards the mutual horror of loneliness.
Softness over-ridden becomes slowly damaged,
Delicate flowers need careful sustenance.
To sustain that poetic touch is daily pain
With the finding heart needing little desert rain.

Feeling understood is a difficult art,
The vibrant colours pursued together
Never seem to settle into a precise image.
So when the created image resolves
With the meeting of softness and fear
The pure image created stays forever.

TURN AROUND

The way from intimacy to greatness
Is through sacrifice. *Kassner*

Silent grief has placed this burden
Upon my soul, now it is ready to fly
And find respite from dwindling hope:
Is it hopeless to no longer desire,
No longer wish for futures gazeless
Space beyond our moments here?

In gazing forward, within our words,
Lies the usual traps of uncovered worlds
That only live in the fantasies of a few:
It only takes a few to gather control
And place their desire upon our hopes,
In the space reserved for our love.

To love another, in their ways and wants,
Is to sacrifice some or all for greater ways,
Carved out in times needs to be as one:
Search again with eyes of love,
Speak only when love is proved,
Which is proof enough for me.

OUR BECOMING

Death becomes us all, little by little,
Day by day in our approach's to life
We die a little faster, if we allow the
Vicissitude's of this belonging
To encroach upon our heart
And trample the tender stems

Of love grown from belief and family.
I believe in friendships which allow
The dying and continual rebirthing
Into all of our new tomorrows:
Born today in the dying light lies
Tomorrow's sweetest of songs.

In the joy-filled tenderness of today
A sadness ever dwells in our words,
In our words we then die a little more
If we forget the silent moments,
Where life and death dance to
The mysteries of our becoming.

FOR THE FIRST TIME

Gwen Adshead thank you for giving hope from trauma

Can you imagine that blessed time,
Just before our dawn light, when,
For the first time, her magic appeared;
Radiant yet translucently uttered.

In that birth, in that moment, time
Stood quietly eternal, beyond the light,
And for the first time, she spoke words;
Noticed and remembered who spoke?

Was it a he, at that time, beyond time,
Or was it a she who spoke first, when,
For the first time, her magic appeared;
Full and raw, creating that fear and joy.

For in those first words, in our time,
Where the mystery broke free for all,
The eternal love in us all spoke as one;
Through those first words I became we.

Can you now imagine that blessed time,
Just before the dawns crisp light, when,
For the first time, her magic appeared;
Love formed in the quiet words of poets.

A REJOICING SOUL

Gwen Adshead thank you: change in the face of fear and hostility is always possible.

Let not the darkness of the outside in,
Build walls of warmth, diminish the din,
Find words of kindness from deep within;
The sun may have grown cold,
Earth, now bare, may seem old,
But in our friendships let us enfold!

Resilience in the dying of the dying sun
Is in our humour and when love's begun;
Find words of playfulness from the fun!
The fun may now seem distant,
The darkness without resistance,
But in our friendship is persistence!

So let the inner light of your soul rejoice,
Make happiness and joy today a choice,
Find in words, from beyond time, a voice!
Her voice may seem distant now,
Listen with love and make this vow.
It is in friendship we hear the wow!

Looking-locked-within for how long?
How long have you been intimately non-observant,
pleading for reason in these visions?

For you, a waiting man, sit like a stranger; of the inn
you are forgetful, turned away from the room
you are a surly-self, and yet in the avoided mirror
you return to the room
and later from the torment of the bed
you return:
there already in the air,
incomprehensibly ready
via your touchable heart,
through your painfully split body
and still touchable heart
you're ready and focussed:
This is it, the love you had not.

(And it denied your further consecration)

For in the life of the those who look, still, there is a limit.
And yet the world as seen
still wants to grow with love.

The work of the face is done,
do now the heart-work
from those images within you, the captured ones; for you
have mastered them: but yet you don't know her.
So behold, inner you, your inner woman,
a work accomplished from
a thousand natures, that
is only ever found
in beloved beings.

TURNED AROUND - Rainer Maria Rilke (1914)

The way from intimacy to greatness
Is through sacrifice. Kassner

Much is won by reflecting.
Stars are broken at the knee
in the grasping upward gaze.
As you reflect it kneeling,
and its itinerant scent
makes you weary in the divine,
so she smiles at you sleeping.

Towers stare upon you too,
which terrifies her so:
Again you build, arising suddenly, as one!
But how often, since that day
have cluttered landscapes
rested in your quiet mind, at night.

Animals came confidently
into open view, grazing,
and these prisoners of lions
stared as if in an inconceivable freedom;
Birds flew through you,
all visceral needs met; flowers
again-looking in you tall like a child.

And in the gossip, as a spectator apart,
you were touched far less,
questionably exposed,
moved only by womanhood.

AS ONLY POETS SING

“Beauty is the marking-time, the stationary vibration, the feigned ecstasy of an arrested impulse unable to reach its natural end.”

Unconscious mind, from social structures freed,
Release in the newness, of this, our becoming,
The only words in which presence is present:
    Hear in her cry the desirelessness of being,
    The strength to re-imagine the realities,
    And sing of this truth, as only poets sing!

Conscious mind, within social structures greed,
Appease in the newness, of this, our becoming,
And find the words from all present in presence:
    Hear in their cry the desire of their being,
    Their strength to re-imagine our realities,
    And speak their truth, as only leaders speak!

Accept and trust what our social structures need,
Release them with a newness, of this, our becoming,
And be present in presence - let our words be us:
    Speak of longing without desire - beingness
    Is the strength to re-imagine our realities,
    And sing of beauty as only poets sing!

LET GO

Each deliberate act of kindness,
Reached from a quietened soul,
Seeks no newness in the parting:
        We rarely find what we seek,
        Rarely do we in togetherness
        Feel in the purest moments…

That we are deserving of love,
In the temper lost world of hate,
Which inhabits even the saintly,
        Who go on in quiet hope,
        Silent prayer finding solace
        From the purest of moments…

Translating the presence of love,
Reached from a quietened soul,
There remains the dark aches of
        So many parting moments,
        Where in the letting go of
        Self is a beginning to purity

NOTHING NEW

What voice is this that bellows
From the hollows of the without,
Within the parameters of within:
        An unscientific execution,
        Aligned to a myteriousness,
        In unaccustomed company.

Orphic bards just listen and sing,
Let the bells ring of eternity, from
The gathered solutions of mind:
        A poetic inspiration driven
        Mad from the everydayness
        Finds these eternal words.

Let these words rejoice in love
Even from above the noisy dim
Which we all most live with in:
        Thoughts, painted-words,
        Coloured of earthly hue,
        Expressing nothing new!

LOVES FREEDOM

In the boundless echoes of infinity
There, is the freedom we all seek
Once we dispense with the fear;
In the embracing of it
Live the silent moments
Of boundless love.

We have not forgotten, despite
The intolerable fear to be faced,
For in your words we hear her:
You too have heard it,
Lived the silent moments
Of unforgotten love.

Go freely now with all her love
Shout from the burning rooftops
I will no longer live in your fear:
Sing with all who sing,
Live-in the silent moments
And voice loves freedom.

MOVING ME BEYOND

When someone sees you, and speaks,
From a heart filled with the purest love,
In a way that touches you in your soul
Stop and live in the moment,
Live without the thoughts, the
Voices which drag you back.

Accept the entirety of the moment,
Be within the eternal flow of pure love,
And bathe with the achingness of soul:
Sit and in the moment - live,
Live with the wordlessness, with
Voices which draw you forward.

For it is in these precious moments,
When hearts are filled with pure love,
That a touched soul is betweenness:
Live and stop in the moment,
Live within the lovingness, in the
Voice which moves us beyond.

IMPERFECTIONS

Humanity of spirit requires a species
Capable of enlightened thinking from
The everyday things that enrich us:
The solicitude of solace no longer
Touches the mass animal, which
Is the us who inhabit our groups.

In the solitude of the inhabited saint,
From soliloquies of ancient saviours,
It focuses us away from everydayness:
The hurly-burly of our goings-on
Creates life's discordant music,
Which is our sustaining substance.

Climb, as we may, to the high mountains
The noise far below, in valleys and dales,
Never changes: Incessantly Bells Toll:
In our daily deaths, just a few,
Find new ways to go on and on,
Accepting all our imperfections.

MY CHOICES

I am no longer a broken tower in a broken world,
I am a singer of songs, from friendships company,
From the moments when we unbreak ourselves:
Where the light shines through the holes
Where a wholeness can be experienced
In the silent mysteries of each choice.

I no longer make the same choices, remembrance
Is no longer a yoke but the song sheet of friendship,
Made in the moments where we unbreak ourselves:
Where thinking and memory cross bridges;
Where a crossing to another is experienced
In the silent mysteries of our choices.

I am the singer of songs from within our broken world,
I am free from my broken tower, in friendships liberation,
Singing of moments when we unbreak ourselves:
Where the love shines though the holes
Where her wholeness can be experienced,
In the silent mysteries of my choices.